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THE BROOK VILLA, NEAR LIVERPOOL.

ARCHITECTURE
OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY;

WITH A VIEW OF THE BROOK VILLA, NEAR LIVERPOOL.

THE architectural history of England, for the last forty or fifty years, will be read with peculiar interest: inasmuch as it records a series of facts, unparalleled in the annals of any country, or of any period of time. In all nations, and in every succeeding age, there seems to have been some one particular style, that, for the time of its duration, was almost universally prevalent; and when the fashion of it passed away, the architecture of the periods that followed was in each of them, to about an equal extent, distinguished by a similar uniformity. In the ages that have passed, we can scarcely ever discover the adoption of a diversity of styles, at one and the same time; and we cannot but remark, that it has been reserved for the nineteenth century, and especially for our own country, to exhibit to the world the every day occurrence, of buildings being unceasingly constructed, in styles that in a chronological point of view are the most remote from each other, as well as on principles which are diametrically opposite. They have all been carefully studied by the enterprizing architects of the united kingdom; and the result has been, that both in the domestic and ecclesiastical departments of the art, an almost unlimited variety of edifices has arisen, that wherever the means have been adequate to the end, would have done honour to the several ages and countries, whose architectural remains have afforded models to exercise the ingenuity and application of this industrious class of British artists. Were it not, that the extent of our printed records of late years has been altogether unexampled, the antiquaries of future ages would doubtless be lost in amazement, on contemplating the very opposite works, many of which are perfect in their respective kinds, that have been raised after the examples of ancient Greece and Rome,—of Italy during the middle and still later ages,—of England, at the time of the Norman Conquest, and of the three succeeding styles, that have each been long distinguished for their peculiar beauties. Nor have these been all, that the historian is required to enumerate: for as, from the days of Diocleslan, if not before his time, the five orders of Roman architecture had for several centuries been debased and confounded, till their revival in a modern age,—so were the three styles of English architecture, that successively arose from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, consigned in like manner to a species of debasement, the fortune of which has been singular and curious. After the decline of the Norman architecture, which was but a debasement of the Roman, it was succeeded in their several turns by the three styles alluded to, which have been called by Mr. Rickman, as distinguishing and most appropriate terms, *Early English*, *Decorated English*, and *Perpendicular English*. The debasement ensued in what has often been called *the Tudor Age*; and, though with some considerable variations, continued to be the universally prevailing style, through the reigns of the virgin Queen and her successor King James the First. Debasement though it be accounted, and strangely mixed with no small portions derived from the recently attempted revival of the Roman orders, it is yet a style that in our times seems to be peculiarly dear to Englishmen. And justly is it so. For, in the construction of country residences, large or small, there is no other that harmonizes so well with the general scenery of our native land. Amid the variety of orders and styles, the ornaments of ages more or less remote, that have been extensively adopted in the buildings of the present century, the public estimation has decidedly marked this peculiar style as its own; and the appropriate term *Elizabethan* will descend to our posterity, as designating the many fine examples, that have lately been modelled from existing edifices of the last reign of the Tudors, and the first of the Stuarts. Of the many *Churches* that have been built, several may be observed as successful erections after the three pure orders of *Greece*, which are now perfectly well understood. The *Roman* orders have not been so frequently followed; but, as in the *domestic* department, the designs for a considerable majority of sacred edifices have been sought in our own land. Within the last few years many *Norman* and *early English* churches have arisen, a few of the *decorated*, and still more of the *perpendicular* style. If there be any cause for regret, it is in cases where the means have not been sufficiently ample, to do justice to the acknowledged taste and skill of the respective architects. The styles that in our age have been adopted, especially for *domestic* purposes, were derived however from a still wider range. The ancient and massive temples of Egypt have given rise to some correct imitations, though on a very small scale; and where a lighter and truly oriental style has pleased the fancy, China and Hindostan, Persia and Turkey, have afforded designs, which, though not in accordance with the general taste, have contributed to augment the variety, so strikingly presented by the architecture of our day. To come nearer home; the timber houses of Switzerland, with their exterior stairs and galleries, and the older mansions of the same material, so general in this country and on the continent, while the ancient forests were yet in being, have each had their practical admirers, and with equal success. The thatched cottage, which seems best fitted for the abode of humble life, in the more retired villages and fields, has been constructed in numerous instances for the occasional resi-

dence of the highest classes of society, and even of royalty itself. In one remarkable instance, the requisite extent of building, for the accommodation of a large establishment, was so judiciously concealed by varied plantations and evergreen fences on well chosen spots, that the views of the cottage from different parts of the lawns and gardens could not possibly offend the eye of taste, by displaying too broad a mass of building, in proportion to the height, which of necessity was very limited. The old castellated buildings of France and Scotland, with their characteristic accompaniments of round embattled towers and high conical roofs, appear to have been but once imitated in England, in the Penitentiary on the outskirts of Westminster: while a style, of a very different class, called modern Italian, Romanesque, or Tuscan, has met with many admirers, and been extensively adopted, for domestic use, during the last twenty years. It may be either simple in its outline and details, or admit of considerable and even extreme enrichment; and it is well suited for many important purposes, in no ordinary degree. Several judicious and commodious structures of the kind have been erected, varying greatly in form, as occasion may have required, but all evidently bespeaking a common origin. It may either be square and compact in figure; or, consistently with the utmost convenience, and without any violation of rule, it may be planned with the greatest possible irregularity. The effect is often exceedingly picturesque; and future additions may be made, without the slightest injury to this desirable and attractive quality.

Such is *Tue Brook Villa*, near West Derby, in Lancashire, and three miles from Liverpool. It is the property and residence of John Owen, Esq.; and is admirably adapted for the reception of patients afflicted with insanity, of both sexes, who move in the upper walks of life. Every provision has been made, in its construction, to render it suitable to their refined and polished habits; and the result of this care, has proved highly satisfactory. The design, as presented by the annexed engraving, was originally suggested by Mr. George Dodgson; and the drawings were afterwards made out in detail by Mr. Thomas J. Kelper. The tower at one of the angles is peculiarly characteristic of the style; and the form of construction, throughout the whole, shows how well the *Romanesque* is calculated for buildings, in which airy rooms and galleries are required. The material is brick, coated with cement, and in various parts ornamented with stone. It is lighted by one hundred and eighty-four windows, most of them commanding extensive prospects. The building was commenced by Mr. Owen on the 9th day of April, 1838, and was entirely finished and inhabited on the 3d of April, in the following year. The house, gardens, and lawn in front occupy rather more than five acres of land. A field adjoining the lawn, of equal extent with these, is intended to be laid out as an ornamental paddock, with walks and shrubberies. The soil is very good, and rests upon a vast body of *the old red sandstone*; and the supply of water is most abundant.

To sum up these remarks on the architecture of the nineteenth century, it may be added, that in the hemisphere which contains Europe, Asia, and Africa, the buildings of every country, that either is, or has been civilized, have been carefully examined, for the advancement of the art in the united kingdom.

SAXON.

TO AN AFFLICTED ONE.

Thou weary and afflicted one,
No longer mourn nor yield to sorrow;
Though hid in clouds and storms,—thy Sun
May gild, with brightest rays, *to-morrow*.
Trust Him whose word of Truth declares,
They shall not want, nor be forsaken,
Who look to Him, with sighs and prayers,
And trust in Him with faith unshaken.

Why, then, despond? He still is near,
His arm sustains,—His eye beholds thee;
Soon will he dry that falling tear;—
E'en now, His robe of love enfolds thee.
The world may frown, oppression reign,
And anxious fears may now distress thee,
But joy shall take the place of pain,—
Thy God, with happiness will bless thee.

Calm, then, will be the time of rest,
And sweet the hours of joy and gladness;
Peaceful the gleaming of *the west*,
When all is free from care and sadness.
And when thy earthly sun is set,
When Death thy soul from earth shall sever,
Then wilt thou all thy grief forget,
And live in heavenly bliss for ever.

Mansfield. W. HARDY, JUN.

ZUMA, OR THE DISCOVERY OF THE QUINQUINNA.

Translated from the French.

(*Continued from page* 79.)

THE viceroy spared nothing to gain the love of the Indians, but they had seen many holding that dignity who had at first displayed mildness, justice, and affability, and who, afterwards, belied these favourable appearances. Thus, the real goodness of the count made no pleasing impression upon their minds. They attributed it to deception, or a weakness, occasioned by the terror which the sudden death of the late secretary had inspired. The countess had been four months at Lima, when her health began visibly to alter. This sad change was attributed, at first, to the burning heat of the climate; but her disease increasing every day, the count began to feel great uneasiness, and it at length assumed the form of a tertian ague. Every means were then employed, to subdue the fever, but without effect. The anxiety of Beatrice knew no bounds. She questioned every medical man that had come with them from Spain; and they, not being able to cure the disease, spoke mysteriously of it, and gave her to understand, that they attributed it to an extraordinary cause, which

was unknown to them. These hints, and the look of consternation with which they were insinuated, suggested to Beatrice the horrible idea, that her friend was dying by a slow poison. From this moment she had no repose. Though cautiously concealing from the countess, and even from the count, these dreadful suspicions, she found it impossible to hide them from two of the women, who attended on the vice-reine; and they strengthened and confirmed them. But who can have committed this crime? No other than Zuma. Zuma, who had the liberty of entering the chamber of the countess at all hours. But Zuma, loaded with the gifts of her bounty,—what interest can she have in committing such an act of atrocity?—Hatred! was always the answer to these questions. Zuma, they said, was a hypocrite, vain, ambitious, and above all, had conceived a secret and criminal passion for the viceroy. In fine, she was an Indian, and familiarized, from her infancy, with the blackest treachery. The innocent and feeling Zuma, in the midst of these various surmises, thought only of the vice-reine, whom she cherished with all the sincerity of the purest and most grateful heart. She was deeply afflicted in thinking that there existed an infallible remedy for the disease which consumed her, and which it was impossible for her to mention. Zuma knew the dreadful oaths by which the Indians were engaged never to reveal this secret. Had her own destruction alone been the penalty, she would not have hesitated; but the betraying this secret would have devoted to certain death both her husband and son. She was not ignorant that the vindictive Ximéo, in order the better to insure her fidelity, had placed this dear child in the hands of Azan, and Thamir, another of their chiefs, less cruel than Azan, but equally irritated against the Spaniards. Thus, Zuma, not daring to confide her grief even to Mirvan, cherished her affliction and tears in secret. This affliction increased still more. The feeble hope she had indulged of the recovery of the countess vanished. The fever regained new strength. The physician announced that her life was in danger, and that she could not support such another access, if it was renewed before the expiration of twelve or fifteen days. The consternation in the palace was universal. This cruel announcement threw the count and Beatrice into despair; and rent the heart of Zuma. The countess was not deceived with respect to her situation, but exhibited the greatest courage, sweetness, and resignation. She bade a tender adieu to her friend and her husband; recommending to the latter the happiness of the Indians, and, above all, that of her dear Zuma. Zuma, who was a witness of this pathetic scene, could not restrain the excess of her grief. Her health, already much weakened during the last three months, sank under this accumulation of woes. She was attacked, during the night, with the same disease of which the countess was dying—the tertian ague. After two or three fits, Mirvan, with the consent of the Indians, sent her, secretly, that precious powder which would effect her cure. He was not allowed to send her a large supply of the medicine, but merely one dose in the day. Zuma received in the morning the first dose, which she was to take on the ensuing night. When she was alone, she looked at the powder; her tears flowed, and she raised her eyes to heaven. Great God! said she, it is Thou who inspirest me! I can save her only by sacrificing myself. My decision is made. I will not reveal this important secret. My death shall expiate, even in their eyes, the crime of having pitied her. Besides, they will not suspect such a devotedness; and they will attribute her cure to the assistance of the physician: I shall expose neither Mirvan nor my child to danger. I shall not have betrayed our secret: I shall die, and she will live. In speaking these words, Zuma concealed the powder of the Quinquinna, and rose; but checking herself, she reflected on the means of introducing it secretly into the closet where the draughts of the countess were prepared. In obedience to the orders of Beatrice, the movements of Zuma were closely watched, and the attendants hastened to inform the former, that the day in which Mirvan had been with his wife, a woman had placed herself at the door in order to listen to their conversation. She, however, heard no part of it, as they spoke in a low tone; but in going out, Mirvan had an air of great agitation. She also stated that Zuma had descended from her chamber, gone through the corridor, examined all the doors, and had stopped at that of the closet, with an appearance and manner which indicated a fear of being surprised. After this, she again went up to her own apartment. This recital made Beatrice tremble. She instantly suspected that Zuma had the design of gliding into the closet at night. The attendants were ordered to watch the moment in which she came from her chamber, to inform her immediately of it, and leave the closet empty, and the key in the door. Beatrice then, without delay, informed the viceroy, who, without partaking of her suspicions, was still much surprised, and agreed to conceal himself with her, in the closet. An hour after midnight, the women came to inform Beatrice, that Zuma had descended the staircase, but without a lamp, and with all the precautions of mystery and fear. Beatrice and the count, on hearing this, hastened to conceal themselves. A few minutes after, they heard the door softly opened, and saw Zuma enter. She was pale, trembling, and walked slowly, and with effort. She looked round the chamber with a troubled and affrighted countenance; then walked to the other door, which communicated with the apartment of the countess, and listened. All was still. Zuma approached the table, where a draught was placed in a crystal cup. She took the paper which contained the quin-

quinna,—she opened it—took the cup in one hand, and, with the other, deposited the powder in it. The viceroy, seized with horror, darted from his place of concealment, and exclaimed, "Unhappy wretch, what have you thrown into that drink." At this sight, and this dreadful question, Zuma started wildly; the cup fell from her hands, and was broken; she sank into a chair, exclaiming, "I am lost," and fainted. She was borne to her chamber, and Beatrice and the count agreed to conceal this apparent crime from the vice-reine. "She will implore mercy for this monster," added the count, "and nothing on earth shall induce me to grant it. She shall take the consequences of her crime." A report was instantly spread, both in the palace and city, that Zuma was convicted of having attempted to poison the countess. She was immediately delivered into the hands of justice, and conducted to prison. Mirvan, on hearing this frightful intelligence, hastened to Azan and Thamir; and, with a fainting heart, spoke only these words, "You have my son in your hands; promise me, at least, that if we faithfully preserve this secret, you will, after my death, place my child under the protection of my father." "We swear it," answered Azan; "but thou art not ignorant, that the slightest indiscretion will cost him his life." "We know how to die," answered Mirvan, and, with these words, he quitted the ferocious Indian, and placed himself, voluntarily, in prison. He quickly penetrated into the action of Zuma, but he was not able to explain it, without delivering up his child to the rage of the barbarous Azan; and he resolved, therefore, to die with his unhappy spouse. At the close of the day, the council assembled to examine, and judge, Mirvan and Zuma. They opened the doors of the hall, and announced to the Indians, that they were permitted to enter. They accordingly came in great numbers, conducted by their chiefs, Ximéo, Azan, and Thamir. The unfortunate pair were brought in, loaded with chains. Zuma, on perceiving Mirvan, cried out, with agony, "He has had no part in what I have done; he is ignorant of my design." "Stop, Zuma," interrupted Mirvan, "Thy death is resolved on, thinkest thou that I will preserve my life? I am not accused, it is voluntarily that I partake thy fate. Zuma, we will die in silence, we will die with courage, and our child will live." Zuma comprehended the true meaning of these words; she was bathed in tears, but answered nothing, and the examination commenced. Zuma could not deny the facts of which Beatrice and the viceroy had been witnesses. The judges demanded from whom she had received the powder, of which she had made so dreadful a use. "She received it from me," exclaimed Mirvan. Zuma denied this, and again protested that he was ignorant of her design. "And what was your design?" demanded her judges. "It was not that of poisoning the countess." "Why, then, have you made use of this powder; have you employed it as a salutary remedy?" At this question, Zuma trembled; her eyes met those of the cruel Azan, and his menacing look filled her with terror. She imagined him devoting her child to death. "No! no! said she, with a distracted air, "No! I did not think it a salutary remedy."—"It was then poison, you have confessed it!"—"I confess nothing."—"But give us some answer,"—"I shall be silent." The judges had received orders not to employ torture, and not to seek accomplices.

(*To be continued.*)

133.

ROYAL COURTSHIP.

Lord Bacon, in his History of Henry VII., says that "that monarch in the year 1505, had thoughts of marrying the young Queen of Naples, and sent three ambassadors, with instructions for taking a survey of her person." These instructions, and the answers to them, are still extant, among the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum (No. 6220.) They are as follow:—

Instructions given by the King's Highness to his trusty and well-beloved servants, shewing how they shall order themselves to the old Queen of Naples and the young Queen her daughter.

1. After presentation, they shall well note and mark the estate that they keep, and how they be accompanied by Lords or Ladies.

2. Item—whether they keep their household apart or together.

3. Item—To mark her (the young Queen's) answer to the communication, and to note her discretion, wisdom, and gravity.

4. Item—They shall endeavour them likewise to understand whether the young Queen speak any other language than Spanish and Italian, or whether she can speak French or Latin.

6. Item—Especially to mark the favour of her visage, whether she be painted or no—whether she be fat or lean—sharp or round—and whether her countenance cheerful and amiable, frowning or melancholy.

Answer—As far as we can perceive or know, she is not painted, and the favour of her visage is after her stature, of very good compass, and amiable, and somewhat round and fat, and the countenance cheerful and not frowning—tardy in speech, but with a demure, womanly, shamefaced countenance, and of few words.

7. Item—To note the clearness of her skin.

Answer—She is, for aught we could perceive, very fair and clear of skin, by her visage, neck, and hands.

8. Item—To note the colour of her hair.

[The questions from 9 to 14 respect the young queen's eyebrows, nose lips, arms, hands, and fingers, which the ambassadors state to be "right fair and comely."]

15. Item—To mark whether her neck be long or short.

Answer—Her neck is comely, not misshapen,

nor very short, nor very long; but her neck seemeth to be shorter because her breasts be full and somewhat big.

16. Item—To mark her breasts, whether they be big or small.

Answer—They be somewhat great and full, and insomuch as they were trussed somewhat high, after the manner of the country, it caused them to seem much fuller, and her neck shorter.

17. Item—To mark whether any hair appear upon her lip.

Answer—She hath none.

18. Item—That they endeavour to speak with the young Queen, that she may tell unto them some matter of length, and to approach as near to her as they honestly may, to the intent that they may find if she have spices, rose-water, or musk.

Answer—We have found no evil savour of spices or waters.

19. To note the height of her stature, and of what height her slippers be, to the intent that they may not be deceived in the very height and stature of her.

Answer—Her slippers be of six fingers height—she is of a convenient stature, somewhat round and well-liking, which causeth her Grace to seem less in height.

20. Item—To inquire whether she hath any sickness of nativity, or deformity, or blemish.

Answer—We have inquired of her physicians and otherwise in talk, but find in her person no disconformity nor cause of sickness.

21. Whether she be in any singular favour with the King of S. her uncle.

Answer—He much esteemeth her.

25. Item—To inquire of the manner of her diet, and whether she be a great feeder or drinker, and whether she uses often to eat and drink, and whether she drinketh wine or water, or both.

Answer—She is a good feeder, and eats meat well twice a day, and that her Grace drinketh not often, and that she drinketh most commonly water, and sometimes the water is boiled with cinnamon, and sometimes she drinketh ypocras, but not often.

23.—This article directs the ambassadors to procure a portrait of the young queen, "So that it agree in similitude and likeness as near as may be possible to the very visage, countenance, and semblance of the said Queen;" and if it be not so, the painter is to be ordered to reform it till it is.

By article 24, the ambassadors are required to ascertain the amount of the dowry, and the title and value thereof in every behalf.

A farthing token of John Trewman, a citizen of Exeter, in the days of Charles II., was lately dug up in Magdalen-street in that town. It is of fine yellow copper, much patined, and bears the initials I. T. between two rosettes, and on reverse, three wool-packs or bales of merchandize, alluding to the staple of Exeter in those times. The legend is "John Trewman, of Exon, 1668."

REMINISCENCES OF "ISELDON."

NO. II.

Pastimes of the Citizens.

Among the variety of pastimes indulged in by the citizens of London, none seems to have been more encouraged than the practice of shooting with the long bow; and the fields extending from the city wall to the vicinity of *Islington*, Hoxton, and Shoreditch, and known by the name of the Finsbury fields, were set apart for that recreation. Many of our kings, subsequent to the Norman Conquest, appear to have been aware of the importance of the art, as is evident from the statutes repeatedly enacted for the regulation of the exercise. In 1365, Edward the third commanded the sheriffs of London to make proclamation that "every one of the said city, strong in body, at leisure times, on holydays, should use in their recreations bows and arrows, or pellets, or bolts; and learn and exercise the art of shooting, &c.;" and in 1392, an act was passed compelling servants to shoot with bows and arrows on holydays and Sundays. Indeed, of such consequence was the art esteemed, that Fortescue, an eminent lawyer in the reign of Henry the Sixth declared that "the mighte of the realme of Englande standyth upon archers." During the reign of Henry the Eighth, several statutes were made for the promotion of archery, and Arthur, the elder brother of that monarch, was so expert at, and fond of this exercise, that a clever bowman was styled "Prince Arthur." In a splendid shooting match at Windsor, before the king, several of the most expert marksmen were honoured with titles, and among others were those of *Marquis of Islington*, and Duke of Shoreditch, from which we learn how much the practise of archery was in vogue at the places from which the titles took their name. The like honourable designations again occur in the record of another shooting match which took place in Smithfield under the direction of the Duke of Shoreditch, the Marquesses of Islington, Clerkenwell, and Hoxton, &c.

In the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, archery was much on the decline, for Stowe, in his Survey of London, laments that it had become "almost clean left off and forsaken." To remedy every hindrance, and give encouragement to the exercise, James, in 1605, directed his letters patent to the Lord Chancellor, and other eminent persons, including Sir Thomas Fowler, Knt., one of his majesty's deputy-lieutenants for the county of Middlesex, and a resident at Islington, alleging that divers persons had taken away from the archers the exercise of shooting in such fields of the suburbs of London as "time out of mind had been allowed to be shot in," and directing these commissioners to survey the grounds, and reduce the same to proper order and conditions as in the time of Henry VIII. Charles I. issued a similar commission, directed to the same persons, empowering them

to prevent the fields near London from being so enclosed as to interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of archery.

In Hargrove's Anecdotes of Archery [1792,] an anecdote is related of Topham, *the strong man of Islington*, who, happening to be at a public house resorted to by the Finsbury archers after their exercise, considered the long bow as a plaything, only fit for a child; upon which one of the archers laid him a bowl of punch, that he could not draw the arrow two thirds of its length. Topham confidently accepted the bet; but, drawing the arrow towards his breast instead of his ear, was greatly chagrined at being obliged to pay the wager after many fruitless efforts.

During the great rebellion, the practice of archery not only received no encouragement, but seems to have been in much disrepute. Nevertheless, in the reign of Charles II. (who was present on the occasion) there was a most magnificent cavalcade, succeeded by an entertainment given by the Finsbury archers; when the titles of Duke of Shoreditch, Marquis of Islington, &c., were bestowed on the most deserving. From the plan of the fields in the year 1737, it appears that only 24 of the ancient shooting marks were then standing; for, as archery fell into disuse, they became gradually obliterated and removed.

In other respects, the village of Islington was famous for affording scope to the amusements of the citizens. In Laneham's account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainments at Kenilworth Castle, anno 1575, printed in Nichols's Progresses of that queen, will be found a speech made during that gay season, by a person who represented a "Squier Minstrel of Middlesex." This minstrel declared "how the worshipful village of Islington in Middlesex, well knoven to bee one of the most auncient and best touns in Englande, next to London, at this day, for the feythful freendship of long time sheawed, as well at cookey feast in Aldersgate-streete, yeerely upon Holyrood day, as also at all solemn brideales in the Citie of London, all the yeer after, in well serving them of furmenty for porage, not oversod till it bee too weak; of mylke for theyr fiawney, not yet piled nor chalked; of creame for theyr custardes, not frothed nor thykened with floour; and of butter for theyr pastiez, and pye paste, not made of well curds, nor gathered of whey in soomer, nor mingled in winter with salt butter, watered or washt; did obteyn long agoo thez worshipful armez in cooler and foorm az ye see, &c, &c." During the succeeding reigns of James and Charles, Islington, in the summer season, appears to have been a very favourite spot with the Londoners in their pleasures and recreations; and it was the more frequented in consequence of the numerous houses of entertainment open for their reception. Another inducement arose from the delicious repast with which they could so conveniently regale themselves at the neighbouring dairies, the produce of which is so ably and fully stated in the minstrel's speech just quoted. These pursuits did not pass unnoticed by the comic writers of the age, who made numerous references to the amusements and charms of Islington. The scenes of many dramatic pieces, and, among others, of one entitled "The Merry Milkmaid of Islington," were laid in the village.

The following extract from this comedy may not be considered unamusing:—

"SCENE [*in a public house.*]

Lovechange, Sir Jeffrey Jolt, Artexheim, (the Lady Jolt,) and Tapster.

Love. What is the reckoning!

Tap. Nine and eleven pence.

Jeff. How's that! Let's have the particulars. Mr. Lovechange shall know how he parts with his money.

Tap. Why, Sir, cakes two shillings, ale as much, a quart of mortified claret, eighteenpence, stewed prunes, a shilling—

Art. That's too dear.

Tap. Truly they cost a penny a pound of the one-handed costermonger, out of his wife's fish basket. A quart of cream, half-a-crown—

Art. That's excessive.

Tap. Not if you consider how many carrier's eggs miscarried in the making of it, and the charge of isinglass, and other ingredients, to make cream of the sour milk.

Art. All this does not amount to what you demand.

Tap. I can make more. Two three-penny papers of sugar, a sixpence; then you had bread, Sir,—

Jeff. Yes, and drink too, Sir; my head takes notice of that.

Tap. 'Tis granted, Sir; a pound of sausages, and forty other things, make it right—our bar never errs." L.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE following particulars relating to Mary, Queen of Scots, is given by James I., in his answer to Cardinal Bellarmine, who had charged him with being an apostate:—"How can I be an apostate, not only having been brought up in that religion which I presently profess, but even my father and grandfather professing the same. As for the queen, my mother, of worthy memory, although she continued in that religion wherein she was nourished, yet was she so far from being superstitious or jesuited therein, that at my baptism (although I was baptised by Popish Archbishop) she sent him word to forbear to use the spittle in my baptism. As also the font wherein I was christened, was sent from the late queen here, of famous memory, who was my godmother, and what her religion was, Pius V., was not ignorant of. And for further proof that that renowned queen, my mother, was not superstitious, in all her letters, whereof I received many, she neve made men-

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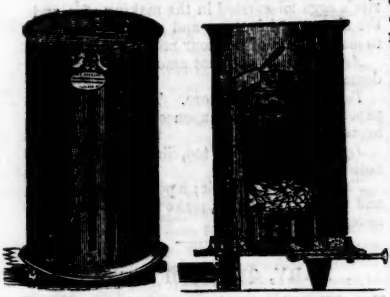
tion of religion, nor laboured to persuade me in it: so at her last words, she commanded her master of the household, a Scottish gentleman, my servant and yet alive, to tell me, that, although she was of another religion than that wherein I was brought up, yet she would not press me to change, except my own conscience forced me to it; for so that I led a good life, and were careful to do justice, and govern well, she doubted not but I would be in a good case with the profession of my own religion. I believe in the three creeds:—that of the Apostles, that of the Council of Nice, and that of Athanasius. I reverence and admit the four first general councils as Catholic and orthodox. As for the blessed Virgin Mary, I yield her that which the angel Gabriel pronounced to her, and which, in her canticle she prophesied of herself, that she is blessed among women, and that all generations shall call her blessed. I reverence her as the mother of Christ, but I dare not mock her, and sin against God, by praying her to command and controul her Son, who is her God and her Saviour. W. G. C.

Arts and Sciences.



View of stove as in use. *Sectional view of stove.*

THE CHUNK STOVE.

We have witnessed, with infinite satisfaction, the great superiority of Messrs. Rippon and Burton's "Patent Chunk Stove;" among its multifarious advantages are, its entire freedom from dust or smoke; its very great economy of fuel; and its perfect safety from fire. It has no door, and does not produce any of the unpleasant effects upon the atmosphere which have been experienced in the use of all others. It has been found a source of great comfort in the bed-room of the invalid, affording a uniform temperature throughout the day and night, with only one supply of fuel; while the most delicate chemical test cannot detect anything arising from its use, which is injurious to health. As there is no fire or heated substance in contact with the outer case of the stove, it merely warms the air without decomposing it; and as there is no door, none of the gases generated can pass into the apartment, consequently, that dryness of air, produced by the use of all others, is entirely avoided. It does not require so much attention as any other, and it is so exceedingly simple, that instructions, as to its use, are almost unnecessary. It is impossible for it to set any substance on fire, or to cause gunpowder to explode, even though in actual contact with the stove or pipe; the size of the pipe or flue being only 2½ inches in diameter, it can be applied without disfiguring the apartment. The fuel is conveyed to the stove in the bucket in which it is consumed, and all the ashes will remain enclosed, until removed in it, without any raking or collecting, twenty-four hours afterwards—during which time, it is not necessary to pay any attention whatever to the fire. The stove can stand on the most delicate carpet without injuring it. It is so light, that one person can, with ease, remove or erect the stove for the season, in ten minutes. It occupies very little space, as it is a cylinder of thirty-three inches height, and sixteen inches diameter. The cost of fuel (cinders or coke) will be about twopence for twenty-four hours.

Wherever warmth is required, this stove is applicable, and it wholly prevents cold draughts of air; it is equally desirable for entrance halls, dressing rooms, laundries, and nurseries, as for the drawing and dining rooms. For warming green-houses, it possesses extraordinary claims; the very great expense of building brick flues, and the immense consumption of fuel, being avoided; with the certainty of a due degree of heat during the night, without attention. For churches, schools, counting-houses and offices, ships' cabins, workshops, and all situations requiring warmth with perfect safety and cleanliness, it will be found invaluable.

In large buildings, where one stove is not sufficient, two or more will warm the place, dispersing the heat equally in all parts, uninjured, at a less cost, and with a less consumption of fuel, than it could be warmed by any one stove, or by any other means.

As this stove differs from every other, in allowing the ashes to be carried out of the room in the receptacle in which they are formed, without the possibility of any of them falling out, and of the fuel being brought to it in the same vessel, the great inconvenience of bringing coals to the fire, and the nuisance arising from dust and interruption, are thus avoided. The pail in which the fuel is conveyed and consumed, will last three years.

CLIMBING BOYS.

By adopting the following simple plan to sweep chimneys, there would be no further necessity for continuing a system so disgraceful to every feeling of humanity. It is, that a small round iron bar, or pulley, be fixed across the top of each chimney, over which, place a small endless chain, or prepared rope, descend-

ing to the fire-place, where it will pass under another small bar, placed there to prevent it from twisting; then attach a whalebone-brush to any part of the chain, and by pulling it up and down alternately, it will bring down all the soot. The brush is to be then detached; the chain will remain in the chimney. It may be applied to any chimney, let it be ever so small, or have ever so many angles. Their is now a neat model of the apparatus at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, or the plan may be seen, in full operation, at the residence of the inventor, 38, Clarendon Square. By the above plan, it would only be necessary to employ adults, who would go about of a morning with a chimney cloth, one or two different sized brushes, and a bag to carry away the soot.

POWER OF OPIUM.

[Of the use and abuse of this singular drug, a paper appeared in No. 978 of THE MIRROR, as read by Dr. Sigmond, before the Medico-Botanical Society. The learned lecturer on that occasion described the effects upon the human frame, of this fascinating indulgence: the progress of the commencement of the habit, to the period at which premature decay destroyed the strongest constitution. Surely, the Chinese, if brought to a sense of its iniquitous effects, would consider it no small blessing that its import into the Celestial Empire had been prohibited. But to return: Dr. Sigmond, on this occasion, resumed the subject of smoking opium, and made the subjoined consecutive remarks:]—The principal inducement for the Chinese to smoke opium instead of eating it, as usual among European and Asiatic nations, arose from the facility and the rapidity with which the intoxication is produced. When imbibed by the lungs into the system, it was conveyed with inconceivable quickness to every part of the body, and more especially to the brain, upon which its singular effects were most visible. The aroma of vegetable bodies, assisted by heat, actually entered into the circulation, most probably rendering the blood itself more liquid; it traversed every channel, and the minutest capillary vessel became completely injected. Dr. Sigmond had examined such documents as might enable him to form an estimate of the quantity of opium consumed. Calculations had been made as to the number of smokers, from the quantity that had been at various times imported from India, and from the revenue which the East India Company had derived from the sale of it. The increase from 1820 had been prodigious. The presumed number of smokers in three years at that period, was 365,569, and they consumed about 4,287 chests; these had increased in twelve years, from 1822 to 1835, to 2,039,998 smokers, when about 12,339 chests were consumed; and it was now believed that the number was not less than twelve millions. The average consumption of each person was about seventeen and a-half grains daily. The monopoly in Bengal supplies the government with a revenue of 961,293*l.* Amongst the papers he had seen, one stated, that in 1837, the Company sold 16,916 chests, by which they gained 2,155,200 pounds sterling. Dr. Sigmond then proceeded to an inquiry into the effects of inhaling opium, or the vapour of other vegetable substances on the brain, and to the mode by which they were taken into the system. He said that it was not until the experiments of Majendie, that it had been universally admitted that vapour inhaled was absorbed with such rapidity, that it might be said to be brought into immediate contact with the heart and the brain through the circulation. It had been supposed that the impresssion was on the nervous system, and that smelling produced the effects: thus death had been ascribed to the odour of plants; in one instance, a daughter of the Count of Salin is said to have died from breathing the aroma of violets; in another, a daughter of the Bishop of Podolia, death took place from the odour of lilies. He then noticed the different herbs that, under certain circumstances, produce agreeable sensations when inhaled. Herodotus had spoken of flax, and in the East the seeds of hemp are commonly used, and are now likely to be substituted for opium. Although most of the narcotics produce a momentary pleasure when smoked, they all of them are injurious. Dr. Sigmond mentioned that even stramonium, or the thorn apple, which has been largely employed as a cure for asthma, has injurious influence, and referred in proof to the death of General Gent, who introduced from India the practice of smoking stramonium for pulmonary affections. This habit had become not unusual even amongst those who were not affected with any disorder, but the circumstances attendant upon the death of the General after the use of his favourite herb, under symptoms that left no doubt as to its cause, put a check to its use.—*Athenæum*, No. 638.

IMPORTANCE OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

LET us turn, for a moment, our eyes towards the continent of Australia, now boldly erecting its front, and rising into civilization and importance in a manner hitherto unexampled! Let us look also at the vast extent of territory, and at the mighty states that line the waters of the Pacific Ocean. What is the intermediate spot between Great Britain and Australia and New Zealand, which forms a half-way house for the trade which is hourly increasing by the intercourse of the two countries, and rising into one of great national consequence!—*The Falkland Islands!* Where is the spot which commands the passage round Cape Horn and the Straits of Magellan, and consequently that point which, as the trade

with the Pacific increases, arising from a natural course of events which will take place, and which, consequently, must be of great importance to the interests of Britain! The Falkland Islands! Taken, therefore, as the pivot of the trade between the great and isolated continent of Australia on the one hand, and of the immense regions washed by the waters of the Pacific on the other, the Falkland Islands will become at no distant period the key to the commerce of those distant shores, and the Gibraltar of the Pacific and of the Australian seas. Such, in a commercial point of view, may be at some future, though not very distant period, the benefit derivable to Britain from the possession of the Falklands.—*Some account of the Falkland Islands*, by L. B. Mackinnon.

New Books.

The Cambridge Portfolio. Part IX. [Parker, London; Deighton, and Stevenson, Cambridge.]

[It is with feelings of sincere regret, we have not called the attention of our readers sooner to this admirable work; for it is a publication, full of valuable information relative to the history of the above renowned Seat of Learning, and of its classic town. The Part before us contains an elaborate termination of the Chapter on "The Woodwardian Museum;" with graphically-told Memoirs of the Halls of the Colleges of Trinity, and of Jesus; and a refreshing paper on "Old Houses," in Cambridge, which, to the admirer of antiquities—of those persons who reverence the birth-places and residences of men of splendid talent—and to the diligent enquirer after topographic relics, must, indeed, prove a delightful and intellectual treat. It is embellished with a Portrait of the kind-hearted and heavenly-inspired Edmund Spenser, drawn and engraved in a masterly style by C. G. Lewis, devoid of that too-common tameness of handling; being at once bold, characteristic, and impressive. There is also a representation of a beauteous specimen of ancient street architecture, evidencing the brilliant taste of our forefathers; an exterior view of the renowned Corpus Christi College, with a specimen of elaborate "Woodwork from the White Horse;" and, a superb Font, or Chalice. On the whole, the work developes the deep research and learning of the talented conductor.

We must content ourselves for the present, with the following extract:—]

The Dinner Hall of Trinity College.

The entrance to the Hall is from a passage which forms the communication between the Great Court and Neville's Court. It is familiarly called 'the screens,' being, in fact, only a part of the Hall screened off by an oaken partition. Above this passage, is a gallery overlooking the Hall. The usual number that dine there during full term-time, may be taken at four hundred; in the October term, it is larger, as the men of four years meet then in residence. It may well be supposed that the kitchens, during the operation of 'dishing up,' present no ordinary spectacle; our task, however, is only with the results, and we shall, therefore, leave the details to the imagination of our readers.

Let us imagine ourselves standing in the gallery above the screens a few minutes before four o'clock in full term-time. From the number of Under-graduates assembled without the Hall, and M. A's. within, it is probably a feast-day. Waiters are covering the tables with the various dishes, the contents of which by their unusual delicacy show the supposition not to be incorrect. Amid plebeian legs of mutton and rounds of beef may be seen here and there, (though rather sparingly scattered) a turkey or a couple of ducks. This preliminary being concluded, the Senior Dean reads a Latin grace. There is the bell; I need not say for what it gives the signal. The crowd rushing in just beneath is, you will observe, extremely eager; it is composed of Freshmen: you see each hurrying anxiously about to secure the nearest place to the turkey. The Hall fills rapidly: at the table extending across the Hall, and elevated on the dais, and at the upper table on the right, sit the Fellows, Noblemen, and Fellow-Commoners: the upper table on the left is appropriated to the Bachelors, the lower to the Scholars. The Bachelors you will perceive share in some of the privileges of the Fellows: they have wine and silver on table.* The Fellow's table is full of visitors, and the stream of good things constantly tending to that part of the Hall gives proof of their hospitality. Look—they are beginning to pass round the Wassail Bowl: Professor * *, has just taken a draught, he passes it to a brother Professor, who is opposite to him, and has been standing while his neighbour was drinking: he again passes it across to the guest opposite who has shown the same courtesy to him, and so it passes down the table. The effect is curious, and the whole ceremonial carries the thoughts to times long past, and to a state of society far different from the present. You may now understand the great dinner privilege of the Scholars, as you see they are just putting the pastry on their table. The rest of the Undergraduates have portions of whatever pie or pudding they choose sent up from the kitchen. These are called "sizings:" and were you among the crowd below, you would be puzzled by a frequently repeated question, "What are sizings to day?" The Hall is now clearing rapidly, for the time spent generally in Hall is a very minimum. You say this custom of going out one by one seems unsocial: with so large a number it is unavoidable. It was the custom

* Greater attention is paid to the comfort of the dinner-table at Magdalene than at any other college. This is the only college at which the Students can introduce friends to dine with them in Hall: but the privilege is now limited, and is not without cost.

of old for all to remain until the Fellows had finished: but as this punishment of the transgression was only a fine of a half-penny, this was regularly paid by all, until Bentley was Master. It afforded him a handle against the Seniors who were opposed to him, and he abolished the fine altogether. You will see, however, that a more civilised behaviour is practised at the Bachelor's table, as they are just rising in a body to leave the Hall. The two Undergraduates who are standing beside the fire are the Scholars in waiting, that is, those whose duty it is to read the lessons in chapel, and the grace in Hall during each week. The Fellows have now finished their dinner, and the Scholars read a Latin grace. The occupants of the Fellows' table may now, if they please, adjourn to dessert in the Combination-room. The tables which have been relaid are for the Sizars, who dine after all the rest. On the greater feast-days, an anthem, sung by the Choristers, forms part of the grace, and on scarlet-days (that is, those on which Doctors wear their scarlet robes) the Noblemen appear in gowns of purple silk, richly embroidered with gold. On ordinary days the scene is what we have described, except that the Wassail Bowl is not passed round, and the Undergraduates must be content with plain fare.

Again let us imagine ourselves near the Hall (not in our old station, for that is now no meet place for the profanum vulgus) on a certain morning towards the end of May, about nine o'clock. There is a crowd as before, but the expression of the faces is sadly different Yon party, hovering restless and troubled from place to place is evidently composed of Freshmen waiting in anxious suspense on the threshold of their first examination. The doors of the Hall are thrown open as the clock strikes nine: there is a slight rush made by those who imagine, that success depends upon being two, instead of three seconds in reaching their places. The sight is now a curious one:—from the top to the bottom of the Hall as well as in the gallery above the screens, the men are seated at long tables answering as many of the questions on the printed papers before them as they can. The only sound heard is a continuous scratching of the pens as they pass rapidly over the paper, and the expression of satisfaction on some countenances and of despair on others, plainly distinguish those who are pleased with the paper, from others around whom unpleasant thoughts of "being posted" are hovering.* You see the Examiners walking about in dignified silence, save when some puzzled youth requests to be enlightened on the meaning of the terms in which a question is stated. Those whose brains have quickly brought forth all their little store are depositing their papers in the Examiner's basket, and leaving the Hall. At one o'clock all papers are called in, and in the evening the same scene is re-enacted: the action is continued through five or six days.

Again,—it is the evening on which the Examiners, having looked over the answers returned to the questions on their papers, meet to draw up the final list of the classes. As the expected time for the publication of this list draws near, stragglers are seen about the cloisters and screens. At length, the Senior Lecturer enters the Hall—a crowd collects around him, and various are the changes of countenance among his auditors, as he reads in order the list of the classes. Then follow congratulations with enquiries after the places of absent friends, and rejoicing or lamentation according as they are found above or below their expected place. The scene is one of great excitement, and with it ends the interest of the year. The long vacation separates the successful and the disappointed, until October again recalls them to a renewal of preparation for the returning struggle.

There yet remain many associations connected with the Hall, that might claim a word. In it are appointed to be performed at stated seasons those plays, in which all who bear office in the College are to take part. In it have been received and entertained, the royal and illustrious personages who have at different periods visited the College. Nor would it be less interesting to cast a backward glance to those times, when the Students were wont on the cold nights of winter,* to run up and down the Hall for half an hour to gain before retiring to rest, some degree of warmth, after the evening study in their fireless rooms. Much change has there been among us since then: much less it is to be feared remains of that indefatigable energy, which under so many difficulties and privations, succeeded in accumulating stores of knowledge, equalled but by few of their more fortunate successors. Yet on those days of high ceremonial, when the University summons all her sons around her from the different quarters of the empire, there is sufficient evidence that the ancient spirit is not extinct among us. Then may be seen in each College assembled around the Fellows' table the statesman and the divine, the man of science and literature: and these, not gathered only from the rich or nobly born, but raised to their present eminence from the lower ranks of society. It is the blessing of this country that, above all others, she has means whereby the talent of individuals is made available for the good of the whole community: and foremost among those means, must the Universities be regarded with peculiar honour. And all, who have heard with

* Those who do not obtain on the whole examination a certain small number of marks are not closed at all, and are re-examined. To appear in this select number is to be posted. The origin of the term may be easily conjectured by the reader as well as the cause, which will no doubt be an unpleasant one.

* See T. Leaver's Sermons, 1550.

what emphatic warmth the truth of this statement is upheld by those,* who are now in turn reflecting honour on the Universities that brought them up, will not hesitate to unite with them in the warmest wishes for the future prosperity of these venerable institutions.

The Letter-Bag of the Great Western, or Life in a Steamer.

[*Concluded from page* 73.]

[" Cut, and come again," is the customarily social exclamation of a cordial host to his merry guests, on offering them part or portion of a dainty refection. In the capacity of caterers, we have already presented to our readers the first part of the above savoury relish, and now invite them to " come again" for a second quantum ; which we warrant will improve on acquaintance. Haliburton has concentrated in one focus so many diverse pictures of human kind, and so run over all the notes of the gamut, that whimsicality, prettiness, and jocularity, are equally at our choice to offer. Out of these we adduce some capital *bon-bons*:—]

Steam-engine Similes of Mr. Skinner, the Butcher.

The engines is wonderful, that's sartain. They work like a baker needing do for bred, and the digs it gives is surprising. The boilers are big enough to scald at one dip all the pigs in an Irish steamer, and would be a fortune to a butcher. The fireplaces are large enough to roast a whole hog at once; and if there is a thing I love, its roast pork. The hard red crisp crunchy skin is beautiful, as much as to say, come, stick it into me afore I am cold. It puts me in mind of your lips, dear Mary! both on 'em is so red, so plump, and so enticing, and both taken with a little sarce. Yes, I never see a pig I doesn't think of you, its cheeks so round and fat, like yourn.

Simplicity of a beautiful Quakeress.

Strange sensations have affected me by such associations as I have had here. A maiden and her brother from London are fellow-passengers. She is very affable and kind, very condescending in her manners, humble-minded, though of high birth, and of a great talent for conversation. She is beloved by all, and has won kind regards from everybody. Her attire is what is called in the gay world fashionable. It is composed of the most beautiful fabrics, and though rich has much simplicity. I sometimes ask myself, why do I call this vain or idle? If Providence decks the birds of the air with brilliant plumage, and endows the field flowers with splendid colours; if the rose boasts its delicate tints, and the vine its tendrils and its wreaths, can these things be vain? " The lilies toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." If we, who have dominion over them, are not ourselves clothed by nature, was it not an intimation that our toilet was left to ourselves, that it might suit the seasons and our tastes, and please the eye, and do justice to the symmetry and beauty of our forms! When I look at this lovely maiden, and see her in this vain attire, and observe that she is not rendered vain thereby herself, forgive me, Martha, but I cannot help admitting the question does arise to my mind, " Can this be sinful?" Does it not afford employment to the poor! and profit to the mechanic and manufacturer! To-day she came into my cabin, and asked me to walk the deck with her, and as I sought my bonnet, said, " Nay, dear, suffer me to see how you would look in mine, my pretty friend;" and then stood off, and lifted up both hands, and exclaimed, " How beautiful! how well it becomes that innocent face! Do look at your sweet self in the glass, my love! how handsome, is it not? Nay, blush not; be candid now, and say whether it is not more becoming than that little pasteboard quaker-bonnet of thine. Such a face as yours is too lovely to be immured in that unpretending piece of plainness, as you yourself would be to be imprisoned in a nunnery.

" Nay," said I, " dear lady, now thee convincest me that the friends very properly forbid the use of those vain and idle decorations, for thee makest me vain. Thee has summoned up more pride in my heart in those few brief minutes, than I knew before to have existed within me. Pray take it back, ere I am spoiled by thy praise, or thy worldly attire." " You would soon learn not to be vain of them, when you had been used to them, —am I vain?" " No, indeed," said I, " by no means; thee is not vain, but far, very far, from it;" and I could not help thinking, neither, should I be vain, if, like her, I wore them daily.

Quaint Description of the Sea.

There is no hedge to mark the road, and show you the distance of the drains, but it's like Saulsberry plain in a snow-storm, all white as far as you can see, and no milestones or lamp-posts, and you can't rein up short, for it takes some time to put the drags on the wheels to bring her to a stand-still. How they finds their way in the dark is a puzzle to me; but I suppose they have travelled it so often, they have got it by heart like.

Theory of Storms.

Bermuda seems, after all, a delightful place, where people have almost perpetual summer; only the roofs blow off like straw-hats, and makes housekeeping very difficult. The governor's name is Reid, and he has seen so many storms there, he has written a book about them. Dear Simson, who is very witty, says he is " the Reid shaken with the wind."

* It is scarcely necessary to recall to the recollection of those who were present, the speeches made in the Hall of Trinity College, at the Installation of the present Chancellor.

I wish you knew dear Simson—he is full of fun. He says the new theory of storms is, that instead of "avaner," it takes a "pirouette," and that the whole story of it, is this:—

"Here we go up, up, up,
And there we go down, down, downy,
Here we go backward and forward,
And there we go round, round, roundy."

[No. IX. is the Letter of Master Villiers Scroggins, a young midshipman, to his mother, stating his grievances, and, among others, that she should have paid three hundred pounds for the privilege of his working like fun for nothing, on board of the Great Western, for three years. But the poor lad's wonderful notion of nautical terms and instruments, which he does not understand, attests him to be a truly clever boy:—]

We have black things on board with long legs, through which we learn to take the sun, called making an observation, though we are not allowed to speak. This instrument they call a sexton, because we have to look so grave; and when the appointed time is come, which comes alike to all, the sexton is useful, to tell us how long we are from our long homes, that we may calculate the length of our days, make our crooked ways straight, and never lose sight of the latter end of our voyage. They have a chip tied to a string, which they call a log, which they throw into the water to tell how fast the vessel goes. My business is to haul it in. I began at this work as soon as we left Chip-stow; and I assure you it chops my hands before long, and if I cry, as I do sometimes with pain, the boatswain threatens to slap "my chops" for blubbering. The string has knots in it, and every mile she goes is called a knot. The more she does not go the faster she goes, which would puzzle them that were not used to knotty things. Every old thing almost has a new name on board of a ship. What do you think they call watches! and how do you suppose they are made! Why, four men and an officer make a watch; or, as they say, a watch with four hands. It is a very hard case for a watch that has to turn up in the night. They try every plan to plague us; whenever it is dark, and I can't see my hand before me, I am sent to the bow, and desired to "keep a sharp look out." The sea breaks over me there, and wets me through; and when I complain of it, the captain laughs, and says you are a "dry fellow."

* * * * * *

You can't judge of officers afloat from what yon see of them ashore. They put on sea manners with sea clothes; and instead of looking as bright as kings of hearts, as they do in harbour, they look as black as the ace of spades at sea. When I first came alongside to look at the ship, they hailed the steward, broached the locker, and boused out champaigne and hock, and stowed away with a ration of cake and negus. But when I came on board with my traps, and we fairly got under way, it was no longer "what cheer, messmate!" but luffing up and hailing in a voice of thunder—"I say, youngster, what the devil are you doing there! you land-lubber rascal you, if you don't go forward and attend to your duty, I'm damned if I don't give you a taste of the ropesend."

Polite Method of Torturing a Patient.

But stop, just look at that poor wretch near the wheel, how white he looks about the gills, sitting wrapped up in his cloak, like patience on a monument, waiting for his turn to turn in next, and not caring how soon it comes either. He is too ill to talk, and hates to be spoken to, and for that very reason I will address him. "How do you find yourself now, sir! I hope you are better." He dreads to open his mouth, for fear he should give vent to more than he wishes. He shakes his head only. "Can I give you any thing!" Another shake is the only reply. "A little sago!" He is in despair, and gives two shakes. "A little arrowroot, with brandy in it—it is very good!" He is angry; he has lost his caution, and attempts to answer,—but suddenly placing both hands to his mouth, runs to the taffrail; poor fellow! he is very ill—very ill indeed. He returns and takes his seat, and his head falls on his bosom, but he must be rough-ridden before he will be well trained, so here is at him again. "Pray let me send you a little soup with cayenne!" He gives half a dozen angry shakes of the head. "But the only thing to be relied upon is a slice of fat pork fried with garlic, it is a specific." He makes a horrible mouth, as if the very idea would kill him; shuts his eyes close, as if it would prevent his hearing, and folding his cloak over his head, turns round and lies down on the deck in despair. The officer of the watch and I exchange winks, and I pass on to the saloon for a glass of—(what the navy had gone to the devil without, since it has become too fashionable to use it as Nelson did,) for a glass of grog."

[No. XII. is a Letter from one, who, to escape a suspension by hemp, turns himself to the occupation of a stoker on board; and, from his description, he appears to have leapt from the gridiron into the —— but we abominate vulgarisms:—]

Enviable Situation of a Furnace Stoker.

No wun would no me now, for I am as black as the ace of spades as was, and so is my shurt, and for clene shetes, how long wood they be clene and me in them, and my skin is cracked like roastid pig, when there be not fat enough to baste it, or yu to lazy to du it, which was often your case, and well you cort it for it tuo when I was out of sorts, which was enough to vex a man as risked his life to get it; and then my eyes is soar with dust as comes from the cole, and so stiff, I arent power to shute them, because they be so dry, and my mouth tastes sulfur always, as

bad as them as go to the devil in earnest, as Sally Mander did. I have no peace at all, and will not be sorry when its over; if I survive it, blow me if I will. I smells like roste beaf, and the rats cum smelling round me as if they'd like to ave a cut and cum agin, but they will find it a tuf business and no gravy, as the frenchman said who lived tuo hull weakes on his shuse, and dide wen he cum to the heles, which he said was rather tuo much.

A Frenchman's Experiences.

I find de English tonge vary tuff, and I am hard to understand it. De meaning of de words is so scattared, it is not easy for to gadare dem, all at de same time to chuse dat wot fits de best to de right place. Dere is "look out," which is to put out your head and to see; and "look out," which is to haul in your head, and not for to see—just contraire. To-day, steward took hold of de skylight, and said, "Look out!" well, I put up my head for to "look out," and he shut down de sash on it, and gave me a cut almost all over my face with pains of glass, and said, "Dat is not de way to 'look out,' you should have took your head in." Dat is beating de English into de head wid de devil to it likewise. It keeps me in de boiling watare all de time. When I make in de English tong mistake, de company all laugh in my countenance, which is vary disagreeable and barbare; but to avoid consequence hostile, I join in de laugh meself, and bark out too at my own blundares, so loud as de loudest of dem all, but dere is no much pleasure in de practice; but when you shall find yourself in a Rome, you must do as it is done in de Rome. Politeness cannot be hoped hare on ship board, where dere of men are many kinds, for you cannot look to make a silk purse out of de ear of one big pig.

[Master Trotter, the son of a Ceylonese missionary on board, is one of the most iniquitous little tricksters we ever met with; he sneezes at the prim piety of his governor, and is everlastingly at his pranks; it would split your sides with laughter to see how his putting broken glass into boots makes fellows limp like beggars, and sing out for boot-jacks, along with an infinitude of other choice knaveries. Daytime or bedtime he is still at his waggeries; witness his]

Syringing a German by Night.

But the greatest fun I have had is with an old German, named Lybolt, of Philadelphia or Pennsylvania, or some such place in the States. He sleeps next berth to us. Well, I goes and picks out a piece of putty in the partition just near his head, and when he is fast asleep snoring, lets drive a squirt full of water right into his face and mouth. O mine Cot, mine Cot!" the old follow sings out, "varte a leake dat is, I am all vet, so I am most trowned in my ped—steward, do kome here, steward." Well, the steward comes, and he can't find the leak; for, in the mean time, I claps back the putty as snug as a bug in a rug. "Maybe, you was sick in your sleep and didn't know it," says the steward. "Cot for tam, I tell you no; its vater, don't you see!" "Or, perhaps, you spilt it out of the basin!" Teunder and blitzen, you black villain, do you mockey me, sir, what for you mean?" And away goes the steward, and next day comes carpenter, and next night comes the squirt again. He'll go mad yet, will one "Tousand Deyvils," see if he don't.

A Legend of Florence. A Tragedy. By Leigh Hunt. [Moxon.]

Upon the broad bosom of fair earth, many are the spots of sunny rest, which the imaginative spirit may fix its choice on. One of these hath Leigh Hunt long ago selected, and that spot is—Italy! All his fancies for many a year past, have embosomed themselves amid the green olives and the purple vines of that *Pays delicieux*. There he has feasted with Pulci and Metastasio: held his symposiums by the glassy waves that Canaletti painted, and under the self-same cerule skies, embodied by beauteous Claude. From these scenes he drew his finest inspirations for his romance of "Rimini;" and now, even in these later days, when the poet's hair is silvery with years—still Italy, Italy arrests his imagination, and "A Legend of Florence" engrosses all the poesy of his heart.

The story of the present Play had its origin in a circumstance which the author heard during his residence at Florence, when some years ago he was in the habit of going through a street in that city, called the Street of Death, (*Via della Morte;*) a name given it from the circumstance of a lady's having passed through it at night-time in her grave-clothes, who had been buried in a trance. In the present tragedy, the names adopted are those which belonged to the real families, and are those of the actual persons, handed down by tradition. It affords us infinite pleasure to note the enthusiastic reception of this beautiful drama: and we congratulate the veteran and kind-hearted author on the complete success of this his first production on the British stage. Let us hasten, however, to draw from this sparkling spring—to dip our cups in its sweetness—and satisfy ourselves with the music of its soft-tuned verses.—*Incipe melos.*

Universal Complacency of Nature.

A gentle night, clothed with the moon and silence,—
Blessed be God, who lets us see the stars;
Who puts no black and sightless gulf between
Those golden gazers out of immensity,
And mortal eyes, yearning with hope and love!—
She's now a blessed spirit beyond those lights,
With happy eternal cheek. And yet, methinks,
Serious as well as sweet is bliss in heaven,
And permits pity for those that are left mourning.
Gentle is greatest and habitual nature!
Gentle the starry space! gentle the air!
Gentle the softly ever-moving trees!
Gentle time past and future! both asleep,
While the quick present is loud by daylight only.
And gently I come to nature, to be worthy
Of comfort and of her, and mix myself
With the everlasting mildness in which she lives.—
Sweetest and best!

Quaint but beautiful Soubriquets.

Ay, and amidst those loving heads, are lovely ones.
What think you of the bright Olimpia,
And sweet Diana, her more thoughtful friend?—
You recollect them?

Colon. What! the divine widows,
That led that bevy of young married dames
At the baths of Pisa, and whom we used to call
Sunlight and Moonlight?

Tears drawn Down by a Heavenly Music.

Thank Heaven! thank Heaven and the sweet sounds! I have not [*Music,*
Wept, Flordilisa, now, for many a day,
And the sound freshens me;—loosens my heart.
[GINEVRA *kisses her, and then weeps abundantly.*
O blessed music! at thy feet we lie,
Pitied of Angels surely!

Blessedness of a Lover.

Oh, heavenly Ginevra!
Name, which to breathe puts pity in the air,
I know that to deserve to be thy friend
Should be to show all proofs of gentlest right.
Oh, be the spirit of thine hand on mine;
Hang by me, like a light, a face, an angel,
To whom I turn for privilege of bleat patience,
Letting me call thee my soul's wife!

Supernatural Powers of Poets.

Well, glory be to poetry and to poets!
Their cookery is no mincing! Ah! ha! ha!
They certainly, while they're about it, do
Cut and carve worlds out, with their golden swords,
To which poor Alexander's was a bumpkin.

An affecting and prayerful Love-scene.

Oh, gentlest creature,
If what I am about to say to thee
Offend thee in the least, count it such madness
As innocence may pity; and show no sign
Of thy displeasure. Be but mute; and sorrow
With as mute thanks shall resume common words.
But if, in thy late knowledge of Antonio,
Thou hast seen nought, that under happier omens
And with all righteous sanction, might have hinder'd thee
From piecing out his nature's imperfections
With thy sweet thoughts and hourly confidence,
Reach him, oh reach, but for one blissful moment,
And to make patience beautiful for ever,
Thy most true woman's hand.

[*She turns aside, and holds out to him her hand.*
My heart would drink it.
[*He strains it with both hands against his bosom.*
Do thy worst, memory, now.—We have known each other
For twenty years in this. Your tears emboldon you
Even to look at me through their glittering veil,
And set me some sweet miserable task:
I understand; yes, we'll go quietly,
And you will let me keep this hand to the door?
We will walk thus. This little walk contains
A life!—Might you say one word to me at parting?
Gine. Antonio!—may your noble heart be happy.
[*She clasps her hands, and speaks with constant vehemence, looking towards the audience.*

Supremacy of Music.

I have noted oft,
That eyes, that have kept dry their cups of tears,
The moment they were touch'd by music's fingers,
Trembled, brimfull.

* * * * * * *

It is the meeting, love,
Of beauty so divine, with earth so weak.

Showers of Tears in One who never Wept.

I am a creature
That now, for fifteen years, from childhood upwards,
Till this hard moment, when the heavens forbid it,
Have known not what it was to shed a tear,
Which others met with theirs. Therefore mine eyes
Did learn to hush themselves, and young grow dry.
For my poor father knew not how I loved him,
Nor mother neither; and my severe husband
Demanded love, not knowing lovingness.
And now I cry out, wishing to be right,
And being wrong; and by the side of me
Weeps the best heart, which ought not so to weep,
And duty's self seems to turn round upon me,
And mock me; by whose law nevertheless
Do I abide, and will I; so pray heaven
To keep me in my wits, and teach me better.

The Capriciousness of Love.

Oh now, all riddles of the heart of love,
When 'twould at once be generous, yet most mean;
All truth, yet craft; a sacrifice, yet none;
Risk all in foppery of supposed desert,
And then be ready in anguish to cry out
At being believed, and thought the love it is.
Martyr beyond all fires, renouncing heaven
By very reason that none can so have earned it.

Gilded Misanthropy.

Times are there, when I feel inclined to sweep
The world away from me, and lead my own
Life to myself, unlook'd into with eyes
That know me not; but use, and sympathy
Even with those that wrong me, and the right
Of comely reputation, keep me still
Wearing a show of good with a grieved heart.

The Surprise of being unexpectedly Loved.

Yester evening she twice spake my name,
Meaning another's. Hence am I most proud.
Hence potent; hence, such bliss it is to love
With smallest thought of being loved again,
That though I know not how this heav'n on earth
Can change to one still heavenlier, nor less holy,
I am caught up, like saints in ecstacies,
Above the ground; tread air;—see not the streets
Through which I pass, for swiftness of delight,
And hugging to my secret heart one bosom.
I live as though the earth held but two faces,
And mine perpetually look'd on hers.

SOLYMANIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Of all the mosques in Constantinople (observes Tournefort,) there is none that comes so near to St. Sophia, in the beauty of its dome, as the Solymania, which was founded by Solyman II., who was the most magnificent of the sultans. Its outside surpasses St. Sophia; its windows are larger and better disposed, and its galleries more regular and stately. The whole is built of the finest stones that could be found among the ruins of Chalcedon. The indispensable necessity the Musulmans are under of making their ablutions, obliges them to build large cloisters near the royal mosques; the fountain is always placed in the middle, and the washing-places round about. The mausoleum of its founder, and that of the sultana his wife, are behind the mosque, under very rich domes. Solyman's coffin is covered with a fine piece of embroidery, representing the town of Mecca, from whence it was brought: at the head of the coffin, are two heron's feathers, beset with precious stones. Here are constantly burning seven large tapers, and a great many lamps; copies of the Koran are chained up and down in divers places, and persons are paid to read them.

The mosque of Sultan Solyman (says Lady M. W. Montagu) is an exact square, with four fine towers in the angles; in the midst is a

noble cupola, supported with marble pillars, and two lesser at the ends, supported in the same manner; the pavement and gallery round the mosque is of marble. Under the great cupola is a fountain, adorned with pillars of beautiful coloured marble. On one side is the pulpit of white marble, and on the other, the little gallery for the Grand Signior: a fine staircase leads to it, and it is built up with gilded lattices. The pavement is spread with fine carpets, and the mosque is illuminated with a number of lamps. The court which leads to it is very spacious, with galleries of green marble columns, covered with twenty-eight leaded cupolas, on two sides, and a fine fountain in the midst. W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

M. Arago has lately communicated to the Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, some photographic representations of the principal buildings of Rome, made with the Daguerréotype by one of the workmen of M. Lerebours, the celebrated optician, sent thither for that purpose. M. Arago remarked that this was a proof of how little the apparatus in question stood in need of being *invariably* placed in the hands of a man of science. The views in question were very distinct and beautiful.

A Northumberland Farmer's Wedding, Ninety Years ago.—On the 7th of June, 1750, was married at Rothbury, Mr. William Donkin, a considerable farmer, of Tosson, in the county of Northumberland, to Miss Eleanor Shotton, an agreeable young gentlewoman of the same place. The entertainments on this occasion were very grand, there being provided no less than 120 quarters of lamb, 40 quarters of veal, 20 quarters of mutton, a large quantity of beef, 12 hams, with a suitable number of chickens, which was concluded with 8 half-ankers of brandy made into punch, 12 dozens of cider, and a great many gallons of wine. The company consisted of 550 ladies and gentlemen, who were diverted with the music of 25 fiddlers and pipers; and the evening was spent with the utmost order and unanimity. *Syke's Local Records.*

The Esterhazy Domains.—The house of Esterhazy is probably the most magnificent of non-regnant houses in the world. That jacket of jackets, which is said to cost the prince 100*l.* in wear and tear every time it is put on, has always impressed the English public with the extent of his possessions; but the impression falls short of the reality. His estates contain 130 villages, 40 towns, and 34 castles. He has four country houses as big as Chatsworth, within an hour's ride of one another; one of them Esterhaz, contains 360 rooms for visitors, and a theatre. The well-known story of the prince's reply to the Lord of Holkham, who, after exhibiting a flock of 2,000 sheep, inquired if he could show as many—"My shepherds are more numerous than your sheep, —turns out to be literally true: there are 2,500 shepherds on his estates. They have a regular grenadier guard in their pay, and the right of life and death on their estates.—*Quarterly Review.*

Cause and Effect.—Perhaps there are not two words which more distinctly point out cause and consequence than these—gin and bitters!

French Polish.—Three quarters of an ounce of seed lac, three drams gum juniper, two drams gum mastic, four ounces spirit of wine. Mix and set in a warm place.

Origin of Bumper.—When the English were Catholics, they usually drank the pope's health in a full glass after dinner: *au bon père*, whence our *bumper*.

A resolution was passed at a public vestry of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, in the year, 1776, "To sell to Mr. Samuel Carter *all the parish papers and documents*, in a *lump, at the rate of three half-pence per pound*, he being at the expense of carrying them away."

Aphorism.—The appearance of vice is always more easily assumed by the virtuous than the appearance of virtue by the vicious, as it is evidently much easier to become bad when we are good, than good when we are bad. Understanding, sensibility, talents, genius, virtue, or religion, may with much greater facility be lost than acquired. The best may descend as low as they please, but the worst cannot ascend to the height they might wish.

At the last meeting of the Linnæan Society, Mr. R. Taylor, the secretary, then read a communication from Mr. George Bentham, describing *a new species of the pitcher plant* discovered by Mr. Schomburgh, on the mountain Orariquera, in Guiana. It was growing on marshy ground, at an elevation of 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. It differs from the known forms of the same plant, only in its having a less number of organs, and in the absence of hairs in the interior of its cup; and the authors, therefore, proposed to call it Heliianthora Nadana.

PRINCE ALBERT'S POEMS.

In the first Number of the present volume of The Mirror, *we gave a poem by his Royal Highness, "Farewell to my Home;" and proposed at the time to have given others. Since that period, arrangements have been entered into, that will place them before the public in the shape of an Opera. We shall, however, return to our duty by speedily inserting them.*

*** *A Supplementary Number of* THE MIRROR *may now be had, containing a detailed account of the* ROYAL MARRIAGE; *with a folding View of the Splendid Ceremony, and a faithful representation of the* BRIDAL CAKE.

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MARRIAGE OF HER MAJESTY WITH PR